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# JOHN BULL

Still

In His SENSES:

BEING THE

THIRD PART

OF

*K.*  
Law is a Bottomless-Pit.

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Printed from a Manuscript found in the  
Cabinet of the famous Sir *Humphry*  
*Polesworth*: And Publish'd, (as well  
as the two former Parts) by the Au-  
thor of the NEW ATALANTIS.

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The Second Edition.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for *John Morphew*, near *Stationer's-*  
*Hall*, 1712. Price 6d.

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Of some Quarrels that happened after Peg was  
taken into the Family

THE

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*The Publisher's* PREFACE.

**T**HE World is much indebted to the famous Sir *Humphry Polesworth*, for his ingenious and impartial Account of *John Bull's* Law-suit; yet there is just Cause of complaint against him, in that he retails it only by Parcels, and won't give us the whole Work; This forces me, who am only the Publisher, to bespeak the Assistance of his Friends and Acquaintance, to engage him to lay aside that stingy Humour, and gratify the Curiosity of the Publick, at once. He pleads in excuse, that they are only private Memoirs, wrote for his own Use, in a loose Style, to serve as a help to his ordinary Conversation. I represented to him the good Reception the two first Parts had met, that tho' they had been calculated by him, only for the Meridian of *Grub-street*, yet they were taken notice of by the better sort; that the World was now sufficiently acquainted with *John Bull*, and interested it self in his little Concerns. He answer'd with a Smile, that he had indeed some trifling Things to impart that concern'd *John Bull's* Relations and Domestick Affairs; if these would satisfy me, he



he gave me free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the History of the Law-suit more intelligible. When I had look'd over the Manuscript, I found likewise some further account of the Composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the two former Parts.

CHAP. I.

*The Character of John Bull's Mother.*

**J**OH<sup>N</sup> had a Mother, whom he lov'd and honour'd extremely, a discreet, grave, sober good-condition'd, cleanly old Gentlewoman, as ever liv'd; she was none of your cross-grain'd termagant scolding Jades, that one had as good be hang'd as live in the House with, such as are always censuring the Conduct, and telling scandalous Stories of their Neighbours, extolling their own good Qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek Spirit, and as she was strictly Virtuous herself, so she always put the best Construction upon the Words and Actions of her Neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the Rules of Honesty and Decency. She was neither one of your precise *Prudes*, nor one of your phantastical old *Belles*, that dress themselves like Girls of Fifteen; as she neither wore a Ruff, Fore-head-cloth, nor High-crown'd Hat, so she had laid aside Feathers, Flowers, and crimp'd Ribbons in her Head-dress, Furbu-  
low-

low-Scarfs and Hoop'd-Petticoats. She scorn'd to Patch and Paint, yet she lov'd to keep her Hands and her Face clean. Tho' she wore no flaunting lac'd Ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant Sweat with greasy Flannel. Tho' her Hair was not stuck with Jewels, she was not ashamed of a Diamond Cross; she was not like some Ladies, hung about with Toys and Trinkets, Twiser Cases, Pocket-Glasses and Essence-Bottles; she us'd only a Gold Watch and an Almanack, to mark the Hours and the Holy-Days. Her Furniture was neat and genteel, well fancy'd with a *bon Goust*. As she affected not the Grandeur of a State with a Canopy, she thought there was no Offence in an Elbow-Chair; she had laid aside your Carving, Gilding and Japan Work, as being too apt to gather Dirt, but she never could be prevail'd upon to part with plain Wainscot and clean Hangings. There are some Ladies that affect to smell a stink in every Thing; they are always highly perfum'd, and continually burning Frankincense in their Rooms; she was above such Affectation, yet she never would lay aside the Use of Brooms and scrubbing Brushes, and scrupl'd not to lay her Linnen in fresh Lavender: She was no less genteel in her Behaviour, well-bred without Affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected Cursying pieces of Formality, and your Romps that have no regard to the common Rules of Civility. There are some Ladies that affect a mighty

ty regard for their Relations; *We must not eat to Day, for my Uncle Tom, or my Cousin Betty dy'd this time ten Years; Let's have a Ball to Night, it is my Neighbour such a ones Birth-day;* she look'd upon all this as Grimace; yet she constantly observ'd her Husband's Birth-day, her Wedding-day, and some few more. Tho' she was a truly good Woman, and had a sincere motherly Love for her Son *John*, yet there wanted not those who endeavour'd to create a Misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevail'd with him once, that he turn'd her out of Doors to his great Sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his Affairs went all at sixes and sevens. She was no less Judicious in the turn of her Conversation and Choice of her Studies, in which she far exceeded all her Sex; your Rakes that hate the Company of all sober, grave Gentlewomen, would bear hers, and she would by her handsome manner of proceeding sooner reclaim than some that were more sower and reserv'd; she was a zealous preacher up of Chastity, and Conjugal Fidelity in Wives, and by no means a Friend to the new-fangl'd Doctrine of the *Indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom*: Tho' she advanc'd her Opinions with a becoming Assurance, yet she never usher'd them in, as some positive Creatures will do, with dogmatical Assertions, *This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a Rogue can deny it.* It has been observ'd, that such People are oftner in the wrong than any Body; tho' she had a thousand



and good Qualities, she was not without her Faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great Lenity to her Servants, to whom she always gave good Counsel, but often too gentle Correction. I thought I could not say less of *John Bull's* Mother, because she bears a part in the following Transactions.

## CH A P. II.

*The Character of John Bull's Sister Peg, with the Quarrels that happen'd between Master and Miss, in their Childhood.*

**J**OH<sup>N</sup> had a Sister, a poor Girl that had been starv'd at Nurse; any Body would have guess'd Miss to have been bred up under the Influence of a cruel Step-Dame, and *John* to be the Fondling of a tender Mother. *John* look'd ruddy and plump, with a pair of Cheeks like a Trumpeter; Miss look'd pale and wan, as if she had the Green-Sickness; and no wonder, for *John* was the Darling, he had all the good Bits, was cramm'd with good Pullet, Chicken, Pig, Goose and Capon; while Miss had only a little Oatmeal and Water, or a dry Crust without Butter. *John* had his golden Pippens, Peaches and Nectarnes; poor Miss a Crab-Apple, Sloe or a Blackberry. Master lay in the best Apartment, with his Bed-Chamber toward the South-Sun. Miss lodg'd in a Garret, expos'd to the North-Wind, which shre-

B

vel'd

vel'd her Countenance; however, this Usage  
 tho' it stunted the Girl in her Growth, gave  
 her a hardy Constitution; she had Life and  
 Spirit in abundance, and knew when she was  
 ill used: Now and then she would seize upon  
*John's* Commons, snatch a Leg of a Pullet, or  
 a bit of good Beef, for which they were sure  
 to go to Fisticuffs. Master was indeed too  
 strong for her, but Miss would not yield in  
 the least Point, but ev'n when Master had got  
 her down, she would scratch and bite like a  
 Tyger; when he gave her a Cuff on the Ear,  
 she would prick him with her Knitting-Needle.  
*John* brought a great Chain one Day to  
 tye her to the Bed-post, for which Affront  
 Miss aim'd a Pen-knife at his Heart: In short,  
 these Quarrels grew up to rooted Aversions,  
 they gave one another Nick-names, she call'd  
 him *Gundy-guts*, and he call'd her *Louffy-Peg*:  
 Tho' the Girl was a tight clever Wench as  
 any was, and thro' her pale Looks, you might  
 discern Spirit and Vivacity, which made her  
 not indeed a perfect Beauty, but something  
 that was agreeable. It was barbarous in Pa-  
 rents not to take notice of these early Quar-  
 rels, and make them live better together, such  
 Domestick Fewds proving afterwards the oc-  
 casion of Misfortunes to them both. *Peg*  
 had indeed some odd Humours and comical  
 Antipathy, for which *John* would jeer her.  
 "What think you of my Sister *Peg* (says he)  
 "that faints at the Sound of an Organ, and  
 "yet

“ yet will dance and frisk at the Noise of a “ Bagpipe ? What’s that to you , *Gundy-guts*, “ (quoth *Peg*) every Body’s to chuse their own “ Musick.” Then *Peg* had taken a Fancy not to say her *Pater-noster*, which made People imagine strange things of her. Of the three Brothers that have made such a Clutter in the World, Lord *Peter*, *Martin* and *Jack* ; *Jack* had of late been her Inclinations ; Lord *Peter* she detested ; nor did *Martin* stand much better in her good Graces, but *Jack* had found the way to her Heart. I have often admir’d what Charms she discover’d in that aukward Booby, till I talk’d with a Person that was acquainted with the Intrigue, who gave me the following Account of it.

### CHAP. III.

*Jack’s Charms, or the Method by which he gain’d Peg’s Heart.*

**I**N the first place, *Jack* was a very young Fellow, by much the youngest of the three Brothers, and People indeed wonder’d how such a young upstart Jackanapes shou’d grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him. (2.) *Jack* brag’d of greater Abilities than other Men ; he was well-gifted, as he pretended ; I need not tell you what secret Influence that has upon the Ladies. (3.) *Jack* had a most scandalous Tongue, and perswaded *Peg*, that all



Mankind, besides himself, were pox'd by that scarlet-fac'd Whore *Signiora Bubonia*. "As for his Brother Lord *Peter*, the Tokens were evident in him, Blotches, Scabs, and the Corona: His Brother *Martin*, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal Pains, which his Friends pretended were only Scorbutical; but, he was sure, proceeded from a worse Cause." By such malicious Insinuations, he had possess'd the Lady, that he was the only Man in the World; of a sound, pure, and untainted Constitution: Tho' there were some that stuck not to say, that *Signiora Bubonia* and *Jack* rail'd at one another, only the better to hide an Intrigue; and, that *Jack* had been found with *Signiora* under his Cloak, carrying her home, in a dark stormy Night. (4.) *Jack* was a prodigious Ogler; he would ogle you the outside of his Eye inward, and the White upward. (5.) *Jack* gave himself out for a Man of a great Estate in the Fortunate Islands, of which the sole Property was vested in his Person: by this Trick he cheated abundance of poor People of small Sums, pretending to make over Plantations in the said Islands; but, when the poor Wretches came there with *Jack's* Grant, they were beat, mock'd, and turn'd out of doors. (6.) I told you that *Peg* was whimsical, and lov'd any thing that was particular: In that way *Jack* was her Man; for he neither thought, spoke, dress'd, nor acted like other Mortals: He was  
for

for your *bold Strokes*; he rail'd at Fops, tho' himself the most affected in the World; instead of the common Fashion, he would visit his Mistress in a Mourning-cloak, Band, short Cuffs, and a peaked Beard. He invented a way of coming into a Room backwards, which he said shew'd more Humility, and less Affectation; where other People stood, he sat; where they sat, he stood; when he went to Court, he us'd to kick away the State, and sit down by his Prince, Cheek by Choul, *Confound these States* (says he) *they are a modern Invention*; when he spoke to his Prince, he always turn'd his Br--ch upon him; if he was advis'd to Fast for his Health, he would eat Roast-beef; if he was allow'd a more plentiful Diet, then he would be sure, that day, to live upon Water-gruel; he would cry at a Wedding, laugh and make Jest's at a Funeral. He was no less singular in his Opinions; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk Politicks: "All Government (says he) is founded upon the right Distribution of Punishments; decent Executions keep the World in awe; for that Reason, the majority of Mankind ought to be hang'd every Year; for Example, I suppose, the Magistrate ought to pass an irreversible Sentence upon all blue-ey'd Children from the Cradle; but that there may be some shew of Justice in his proceeding, these Children ought to be train'd up, by Masters appointed for that purpose, to all sorts of Villany,

“lany, that they may deserve their Fate, and  
 “the Execution of them may serve as an Ob-  
 “ject of Terror to the rest of Mankind.” As  
 to the giving of Pardons, he had this singular  
 Method, That when these Wretches had the  
 Ropes about their Necks, it should be enqui-  
 red, who believ’d they should be hang’d, and  
 who not? The first were to be pardon’d, the  
 last hang’d out-right: Such as were once par-  
 don’d, were never to be hang’d afterwards,  
 for any Crime whatsoever. He had such skill  
 in Physiognomy, that he would pronounce pe-  
 remptorily upon a Man’s Face, That Fellow  
 (says he) do what he will, can’t avoid Hang-  
 ing; he has a hanging Look. By the same  
 Art, he would prognosticate a Principality to  
 a Scoundrel. He was no less particular in the  
 Choice of his Studies; they were generally bent  
 towards exploded Chimera’s, the *perpetuum*  
*Mobile*, the circular Shot, Philosopher’s Stone,  
 and silent Gunpowder, making Chains for  
 Flea’s, Nets for Flies, and Instruments to un-  
 ravel Cobwebs, and split Hairs. Thus, I  
 think, I have given you a distinct Account of  
 the Methods he practis’d upon Peg. Her Bro-  
 ther would now and then ask her, “What a  
 “Devil dost thou see in that pragmatical Cox-  
 “comb, to make thee so in Love with him?  
 “He is a fit Match for a Tailor or a Shoe-  
 “maker’s Daughter, but not for you that are  
 “a Gentlewoman. Fancy is free (quoth Peg)  
 “I’ll take my awn way, do you take yours: I  
 “do



“do no care for your flaunting Beaus, that  
 “gang with their Breasts open, and their  
 “Sarks over their Waistcoats, that accost me  
 “with set Speeches out of *Sidney's Arcadia*,  
 “or *The Academy of Compliments*. Jack is a so-  
 “ber grave Youngman; tho' he has none of  
 “your study'd Harangues, his Meaning is sin-  
 “ceret: He has a great Regard to his Father's  
 “Will; and he that shews himself a good Son,  
 “will make a good Husband: besides, I know  
 “he has the original Deed of Conveyance to  
 “the Fortunate Islands; the others are Coun-  
 “terfeits.” There is nothing so obstinate as  
 young Ladies in their Amours; the more you  
 cross them, the worse they are.

#### CHAP. IV.

*How the Relations reconcil'd John and his Sister  
 Peg, and what return Peg made to John's  
 Message.*

**JOHN BULL**, otherwise a good natur'd  
 Man, was very hard-hearted to his Sister  
 Peg, chiefly from an Aversion he had concei-  
 ved in his Infancy. While he flourish'd, kept  
 a warm House, and drove a plentiful Trade,  
 poor Peg was forc'd to go hawking and ped-  
 ling about the Streets, selling Knives, Scis-  
 sars and Shoe-buckles; now and then carry'd  
 a Basket of Fish to the Market; sow'd, spun  
 and knit for a poor Livelihood, till her Fing-  
 ers-ends were sore; and when she could not  
 get

get Bread for her Family, she was forc'd to hire 'em out at Journey-work to her Neighbours: Yet in these her poor Circumstances, she still preserv'd the Air and Mien of a Gentlewoman; a certain decent Pride, that extorted Respect from the haughtiest of her Neighbours; when she came into any full Assembly, she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them. If one ask'd her, Are not you related to *John Bull*? Yes (says she) he has the Honour to be my Brother. So *Peg's* Affairs went, till all the Relations cry'd out shame upon *John*, for his barbarous Usage of his own Flesh and Blood; that it was an easie matter for him to put her in a credible way of living, not only without Hurt, but with Advantage to himself, being she was an industrious Person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of Business. Hang her, Jade, (quoth *John*) I can't endure her, as long as she keeps that Rascal *Jack's* Company. They told him, the way to reclaim her was to take her into his House; that by Conversation, the childish Humours of their younger days might be worn out. These Arguments were enforc'd by a certain Incident. It happen'd that *John* was at that time about making his Will, and entrailing his Estate, the very same in which *Nic Frog* is nam'd Executor. Now his Sister *Peg's* Name being in the Entail, he could not make a thorough Settlement without her Consent. There was indeed a mali-

malicious Story went about, as if *John's* last Wife had fall'n in love with *Jack*, as he was eating Custard a Horseback; that she perswaded *John* to take his Sister *Peg* into the House, the better to drive on her Intrigue with *Jack*, concluding he would follow his Mistress *Peg*. All I can infer from this Story, is, that when one has got a bad Character in the World, People will report and believe any thing of them, true or false. But to return to my Story; when *Peg* receiv'd *John's* Message, she huff'd and storm'd like the Devil: ' My Brother *John* (quoth she) is ' grown wondrous kind-hearted all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt, whether it be ' not mair for his awn Conveniency than ' my good; he draws up his Weits and his ' Deeds, forsooth, and I mun set my Hand ' to them, unsight unseen. I like the young ' Man he has settled upon well enough, but ' I think I ought to have a valuable Consideration for my Consent: He wants my ' poor little Farm, because it makes a Nook ' in his Park-Wall; ye may e'en tell him, ' he has mair than he makes good use of; ' he gangs up and down drinking, roaring ' and quarrelling, through all the Countrey ' Merkats, making foolish Bargains in his ' Cups, which he repents when he is sober; ' like a thriftless Wretch, spending the Goods ' and Gear that his Fore-Fathers won with ' the Sweat of their Brows; light come, light



' go, he cares not a Farthing: But why should  
 ' I stand Surety for his silly Contracts? the  
 ' little I have is free, and I can call it my  
 ' own; Hame's hame be it never so hamely;  
 ' I ken him well enough, he could never  
 ' abide me, and when he has his ends he'll  
 ' e'en use me as he did before; I'm sure I  
 ' shall be treated like a poor Drudge; I shall  
 ' be set to tend the Bairns, darn the Hose,  
 ' and mend the Linnen. Then there's no living  
 ' with that auld Carline his Mother, she rails  
 ' at Jack, and Jack's an honest Man than  
 ' any of her Kin: I shall be plagu'd with her  
 ' Spells and her *Pater-nosters*, and silly auld  
 ' world Ceremonies: I mun never pair my  
 ' Nails on a Friday, nor begin a Journey on  
 ' *Childermas day*, and I mun stand becking  
 ' and binging as I gang out and into the  
 ' Hall: Tell him he may e'en gan his get, I'll  
 ' have nothing to do with him, I'll stay like  
 ' the poor Country Mouse, in my own Ha-  
 ' bitation". So Peg talkt; but for all that, by  
 the Interposition of good Friends, and by  
 many a bonny thing that were sent, and  
 many more that were promis'd Peg, the  
 Matter was concluded, and Peg taken into  
 the House upon certain Articles; one of  
 which was, That she might have the Free-  
 dom of Jack's Conversation, and might take  
 him for Better and for Worse, if she pleas'd;  
 provided" always, she did not come into the  
 House at unseasonable Hours, and disturb the  
 Rest of the Old Woman, John's Mother.

## CHAP. V.

*Of some Quarrels that happen'd after Peg was taken into the Family.*

**I**T is an old Observation, that the Quarrels of Relations are harder to reconcile than any other; Injuries from Friends fret and gall more, and the Memory of them is not so easily obliterated: This is cunningly represented by one of your old Sages, called *Æsop*, in the Story of the Bird, that was griev'd extremely, for being Wounded with an Arrow feather'd with his own Wing; as also of the Oak that let many a heavy Groan, when he was cleft with a Wedge of his own Timber. There was no Man in the World less subject to Rancour than *John Bull*, considering how often his good Nature had been Abus'd; yet I don't know, but he was too apt to hearken to tatling People, that carried Tales between him and his Sister *Peg*, on purpose to sow Jealousies, and set them together by the Ears: They say that there were some Hardships put upon *Peg*, that had been better let alone; but it was the Business of good People to restrain the Injuries on one side, and moderate the Resentments on the other; a good Friend acts both parts, the one without the other will not do. The Purchase-Money of *Peg's* Farm was ill paid; then *Peg* lov'd a little good Liquor; and the Servants shut up the Wine-Cellar;

Cellar; but for that *Peg* found a Trick, for she made a false Key; *Peg's* Servants complain'd that they were debar'd from all manner of Business, and never suffer'd to touch the least thing within the House; if they offer'd to come into the Warehouse, then strait went the Yard flap over their Noddle; if they ventur'd into the Counting-Room, a Fellow would throw an Ink-bottle at their Head; if they came into the best Apartment, to set any thing there in order, they were saluted with a Broom; if they meddl'd with any thing in the Kitchen, it was odds but the Cook laid them over the Pate with a Ladle; one that would have got into the Stables, was met by two Rascals, who fell to work with him with a Brush and a Curry-comb; some climbing up into the Coach-box, were told, that one of their Companions had been there before that could not drive, then flap went the long Whip about their Ears: On the other Hand it was complain'd, that *Peg's* Servants were always asking for Drink-mony, that they had more than their Share of the *Christmas-box*; to say the truth, *Peg's* Lads buftl'd pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to Lock it up, they got in their great Fists, and pull'd out Handfuls of Half-Crowns, some Shillings and Six-pences, others in the Scramble pick'd up Guineas and Broad-pieces. But there happen'd a worse thing than all this, it was complain'd that *Peg's* Servants had



had great Stomachs, and brought too many of their Friends and Acquaintance to the Table; that *John's* Family was like to be Eat out of House and Home. Instead of regulating this Matter as it ought to be, *Peg's* young Men were thrust away from the Table; then there was the Devil and all to do, Spoons, Plates and Dishes, flew about the Room like mad, and *Sir Roger*, who was now *Major Domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. *Peg* said this was contrary to Agreement, whereby she was in all things to be treated like a Child of the Family; then she call'd upon those that had made her such fair Promises, and undertook for her Brother *John's* good Behaviour; but alas! to her Cost, she found that they were the first, and readiest to do her the Injury. *John* at last agreed to this Regulation, that *Peg's* Footmen might sit with his Book-keeper, Journey-men and Apprentices; and *Peg's* better sort of Servants might sit with his Footmen, if they pleas'd.

Then they began to order Plumb-porridge and Minc'd Pies for *Peg's* Dinner: *Peg* told them she had an Aversion to that sort of Food; that upon forcing down a Mess of it some Years ago, it threw her into a Fit, 'till she brought it up again: Some alledg'd it was nothing but Humour, that the same Mess should be serv'd up again for Supper, and Breakfast next Morning; others would have made use of a Horn, but the Wiser sort bid let

let her alone, and she might take to it of her own Accord.

# C H A P. VI.

*The Conversation between John Bull and his Wife.*

*Mrs. Bull.* **T**H O' our Affairs, Honey, are in a bad Condition, I have a better Opinion of them since you seem to be convinc'd of the ill Course you have been in, and are resolv'd to submit to proper Remedies. But when I consider your immense Debts, your foolish Bargains, and the general Disorder of your Business, I have a Curiosity to know what Fate or Chance has brought you into this Condition.

*J. Bull.* I wish you would talk of some other Subject, the Thoughts of it make me mad, our Family must have their run.

*Mrs. Bull.* But such a strange thing as this, never happen'd to any of your Family before; they have had Law-Suits, but, tho' they spent the Income, they never Mortgag'd the Stock: Sure you must have some of the *Norman* or the *Norfolk* Blood in you; prithee give me some Account of these Matters.

*J. Bull.* Who could help it? There lives not such a Fellow by Bread, as that Old *Lewis Baboon*, it is the cheatingest, contentious Rogue, upon the Face of the Earth. You must

must know, one Day, as *Nic Frog* and I were  
 over a Bottle making up an old Quarrel, the  
 old Knave would needs have us drink a Bottle  
 of his *Champagne*, and so one after another,  
 till my Friend *Nic* and I, not being used to such  
 heady Stuff, got bloody Drunk. *Lewis* all the  
 while, either by the Strength of his Brain, or  
 Flinching his Glass, kept himself sober as a  
 Judge. ‘ My worthy Friends (quoth *Lewis*)  
 ‘ henceforth let us live Neighbourly, I am as  
 ‘ peaceable and quiet as a Lamb, of my own  
 ‘ Temper, but it has been my Misfortune to  
 ‘ live among quarrellsom Neighbours. There  
 ‘ is but one thing can make us fall out, and  
 ‘ that is the Inheritance of Lord *Strutt*’s Estate;  
 ‘ I am content, for Peace sake, to wave my  
 ‘ Right, and submit to any Expedient to  
 ‘ prevent a Law-Suit; I think an equal Divi-  
 ‘ sion will be the fairest way. Well mov’d  
 ‘ Old *Lewis* (quoth *Frog*) and I hope my Friend  
 ‘ *John* here will not be Refractory. At the  
 same time he clap’d me on the Back, and  
 flabber’d me all over from Cheek to Cheek,  
 with his great Tongue. Do as you please,  
 Gentlemen (quoth I) ’tis all one to *John Bull*.  
 We agreed to part that Night, and next  
 Morning to meet at the Corner of Lord *Strut*’s  
 Park Wall, with our surveying Instruments,  
 which accordingly we did. Old *Lewis* carried  
 a Chain and a Semicircle, *Nic* Paper, Rulers  
 and a Lead Pencil, and I follow’d at some di-  
 stance with a long Pole. We began first with  
 surveying



surveying the Meadow-Grounds, afterwards we measur'd the Corn Fields Close by Close, then we proceeded to the Wood Lands, the Copper and Tin Mines. All this while *Nic*, laid down every thing exactly upon Paper, calculated the Acres and Roods to a great Nicety. When we had finish'd the Land, we were going to break into the House and Gardens, to take an Inventory of his Plate, Pictures, and other Furniture.

*Mrs. Bull.* What said Lord *Strutt* to all this?

*J. Bull.* As we had almost finish'd our Concern, we were accosted by some of Lord *Strutt's* Servants: 'Hey day, what's here? What a Devil's the meaning of all these Trangams and Gimcracks, Gentlemen? What, in the name of Wonder, are you going about, jumping over my Master's Hedges, and running your Lines cross his Grounds? If you are at any Field-Pastime, you might have ask'd leave, my Master is a civil well-bred Person as any is.

*Mrs. Bull.* What could you Answer to this?

*J. Bull.* Why truly my Neighbour *Frog* and I were still hot-headed; we told him his Master was an old doating Puppy, that minded nothing of his own Business; that we were Surveying his Estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happen'd a Quarrel; but we being stronger than they, sent them away with a

Flea

Flea in their Ear. They went home, and told their Master, 'My Lord (say they) 'there are three odd sort of Fellows going 'about your Grounds, with the strangest 'Machines that ever we beheld in our Life; 'I suppose they are going to rob your Orchard, fell your Trees, or drive away your Cattle; they told us strange things of settling your Estate: One is a lusty old Fellow, in a black Wig, with a black Beard, without Teeth; there's another thick squat Fellow, in Trunk-Hose; the third is a little, long Nos'd, thin Man. (I was then Lean, being just come out of a fit of Sickness.) I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away.

*Mrs. Bull.* I fancy this put the Old Fellow in a rare Tweag.

*J. Bull.* Weak as he was, he call'd for his long Toledo, swore and bounc'd about the Room, 'Sdeath! what am I come to, to be Affronted so by my Tradesmen? I know the Rascals! my Barber, Clothier and Linnen-draper, dispose of my Estate! bring hither my Blunderbuss, I'll warrant ye, you shall see Day-light through them. Scoundrels! Dogs! the Scum of the Earth! Frog, that was my Fathers Kitchen-boy, he pretend to meddle with my Estate! with my Will! Ah poor Strutt, what art thou come to at last, thou hast liv'd too long in the World, to see thy Age and Infirmary so despis'd?

‘ how will the Ghosts of my Noble Ancestors  
 ‘ receive these Tidings? They cannot, they  
 ‘ must not sleep quietly in their Graves.’ In  
 short, the Old Gentleman was carried off in a  
 Fainting Fit, and after bleeding in both Arms  
 hardly recover’d.

*Mrs. Bull.* Really this was a very extraor-  
 dinary way of Proceeding: I long to hear  
 the rest of it.

*J. Bull.* After we had come back to the  
 Tavern, and taken t’other Bottle of Cham-  
 pagne, we quarrell’d a little about the Divi-  
 sion of the Estate; *Lewis* hall’d and pull’d the  
 Map on one side, and *Frog* and I on t’other,  
 till we had like to have tore the Parchment  
 to pieces. At last *Lewis* pull’d out a pair of  
 great Taylor’s Shears, and clip’d off a Corner  
 for himself, which he said was a Mannor that  
 lay convenient for him, and left *Frog* and me  
 the rest to dispose of, as we pleas’d. We were  
 over-joy’d, to think *Lewis* was contented with  
 so little, not smelling what was at the bottom  
 of the Plot. There happen’d, indeed, an In-  
 cident, that gave us some Disturbance; A  
 Cunning Fellow, one of my Servants, two  
 Days after, peeping through the Key-hole, ob-  
 serv’d that Old *Lewis* had stole away our part  
 of the Map, and saw him fiddling and turn-  
 ing the Map from one Corner to the other,  
 trying to join the two pieces together again:  
 He was muttering something to himself,  
 which he did not well hear, only these Words,  
 ’Tis



'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity! My Servant added, that he believ'd this had some ill-meaning; I told him he was a Coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his Companions: *Lewis* and I are good Friends, he's an honest Fellow, and, I dare say, will stand to his Bargain. The Sequel of the Story prov'd this Fellow's Suspicion to be too well ground-ed; for *Lewis* reveal'd our whole Secret to the deceas'd Lord *Strutt*, who, in Reward to his Treachery, and Revenge to *Frog* and me, settled his whole Estate upon the present *Philip Baboon*: Then we understood what he meant by piecing the Map together.

*Mrs. Bull.* And was you surpris'd at this? Had not Lord *Strutt* reason to be Angry? Would you have been contented to have been so us'd your self?

*J. Bull.* Why, truly Wife, it was not easily reconciled to the common Methods, but then it was the Fashion to do such things: I have read of your Golden Age, your Silver Age, &c. one might justly call this the Age of the Lawyers. There was hardly a Man of Substance in all the Country, but had a Counterfeit that pretended to his Estate: As the Philosophers say, that there is a Duplicate of every Terrestrial Animal at Sea, so it was in this Age of the Lawyers, there was at least two of every thing; nay, o' my Conscience, I think there we're three Esq; *Hackums* at one time. *Lewis Baboon* entertain'd a Fellow that

call'd himself *John Bull's* Heir ; I knew him no more than the Child unborn, yet he brought me into some Trouble and Expence. There was another that pretended to be Esq; *South*; and two Lord *Strutts*, you know. In short, it was usual for a parcel of Fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole Estates in the Country: *This lies convenient for me, Tom; Thou would do more good with that, Dick, than the Old Fellow that has it.* So to Law they went with the true Owners ; the Lawyers got well by it, every Body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest Man, when he came Home at Night, to find another Fellow domineering in his Family, hectoring his Servants, calling for Supper, and pretending to go to Bed to his Wife. In every House you might observe two *Sofia's* quarrelling who was Master : For my own part, I am still afraid of the same Treatment, that I should find some Body behind my Counter selling my Broad Cloath.

*Mrs. Bull.* There are a sort of Fellows that they call Banterers, and Bambouzlers, that play such Tricks ; but, it seems, these Fellows were in earnest.

*J. Bull.* I begin to think that Justice is a better Rule than Conveniency, for all some People make so slight on't.

## CHAP. VII.

*Of the hard Shifts Mrs. Bull was put to, to preserve the Mannor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir Roger's Method to keep off importunate Duns.*

**A**S John Bull and his Wife were talking together, they were surpris'd with a sudden knocking at the Door, *those wicked Scriveners and Lawyers no doubt (quoth John)* and so it was; some asking for the Money he ow'd, and others warning to prepare for the approaching Term: *What a cursed Life do I lead (quoth John)? Debt is like deadly Sin; for God-sake, Sir Roger, get me rid of these Fellows. I'll warrant you (quoth Sir Roger) leave them to me.* And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger's Method with these importunate Duns; his sincere Friendship for John Bull, made him submit to many things, for his Service, which he would have scorn'd to have done for himself. Sometimes he would stand at the Door with his long Poll to keep off the Duns, 'till John got out at the Back-Door. When the Lawyers and Tradesmen brought extravagant Bills, Sir Roger us'd to bargain before-hand, for leave to cut off a quarter of a Yard in any part

of



of the Bill he pleased ; he wore a pair of Scissars in his Pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely, as you cannot imagine ; like a true Goldsmith he kept all your Holidays ; there was not one wanting in his Calendar ; when ready Money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand Pounds in Six-pences, Groats, and Three penny Pieces : It would have done your Heart good to have seen him charge thro' an Army of Lawyers, Attorneys, Clerks and Tradesmen ; sometimes with Sword in Hand, at other times nuzling like an Eel in the Mud : When a Fellow stuck like a Bur, that there was no shaking him off, he us'd to be mighty inquisitive about the Health of his Uncles and Aunts in the Country ; he could call them all by their Names, for he knew every Body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely Impertinent he would send away to see some strange Sight, as the Dragon at *Hockley the Hole* ; or bid him call the 30th of next *February*. Now and then you would see him in the Kitchen, weighing the Beef and Butter, paying ready Money, that the Maids might not run a tick at the Market ; and the Butchers, by bribing of them, sell Damag'd and Light Meat. Another time he would slip into the Cellar, and gage the Casks : In his leisure Minutes he was posting his Books, and gathering in his Debts ; such frugal Methods were necessary where

where Money was so scarce, and Duns so numerous. All this while *John* kept his Credit, could show his Head both at *Change* and *Westminster-Hall*; no Man protested his Bill, nor refus'd his Bond, only the Sharpers and the Scriveners; the Lawyers and other Clerks pelted Sir *Roger* as he went along. The Squirrers were at it with their Kennel-Water, for they were mad for the loss of their Bubble, and that they could not get him to Mortgage the Mannor of *Bullocks-Hatch*. Sir *Roger* shook his Ears, and nuzled along, well-satisfied within himself that he was doing a charitable Work, in rescuing an honest Man from the Claws of *Harpies* and *Blood-suckers*. Mrs. *Bull* did all that an affectionate Wife, and a good Housewife, could do; yet the Boundaries of Virtues are indivisible Lines, it is impossible to march up close to the Frontiers of Frugality, without entering the Territories of Parsimony. Your good Housewives, are apt to look into the minutest Things: Therefore some blam'd Mrs. *Bull* for new heel-piecing of her Shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of Soap and Sand to scowre the Rooms, but especially, that she would not allow her Maids and Apprentices the Benefit of *John Bunyan*, the *London-Apprentice*, or the *Seven-Champions*, in the Black Letter.

## C H A P. VIII.

*A Continuation of the Conversation betwixt  
John Bull and his Wife.*

*Mrs. Bull,* **I**T is a most sad Life we lead, my Dear, to be so teaz'd, paying Interest for old Debts, and still contracting new Ones. However, I don't blame you, for vindicating your Honour, and chastizing old *Lewis*; to curb the Insolent, protect the Oppress'd, recover ones own, and defend what one has, are good Effects of the Law: The only thing I want to know, is how you come to make an end of your Mony, before you finish'd your Suit.

*John Bull.* I was told by the Learned in the Law, that my Suit stood upon three firm Pillars: *More Mony for more Law, more Law for more Mony, and no Composition.* More Mony for more Law, was plain to a Demonstration, for who can go to Law without Mony? and it was as plain, that any Man that has Mony, may have Law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what Composition could be made with a Rogue, that never kept a Word he said?

*Mrs. Bull.* I think you are most likely to get out of this Labyrinth by the second Door, by want of ready Mony to purchase



chase this precious Commodity: But you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; else how was it possible to run so much in Debt, when, at this very time, the yearly Income of what is Mortgag'd to those Usurers would discharge *Hocus's* Bills, and give you your Belly full of Law, for all your Life, without running one Six Pence in Debt? You have been bred up to Business; I suppose you can Cypher, I wonder you never us'd your Pen and Ink.

*J. Bull.* Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear Wife, hold thy Tongue. Suppose a young Heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienc'd, full of Spirit and Vigour, with a favourite Passion, in the Hands of Money-Scriveners: Such Fellows are like your Wire-drawing Mills, if they get hold of a Man's Finger, they will pull in his whole Body at last, till they squeeze the Heart, Blood and Guts out of him. When I wanted Money, half a dozen of these Fellows were always waiting in my Antichamber, with their Securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the Ready, some Farm or other went to Pot. I receiv'd with one Hand, and paid it away with the other, to Lawyers; that, like so many Hell-hounds, were ready to devour me. Then the Rogues would plead Poverty, and Scarcity of Money, that always ended in receiving Ninety for the Hundred.

After they had got Possession of my best Rents, they were able to supply me with my own Mony. But what was worse, when I look'd into the Securities, there was no Clause of Redemption.

*Mrs. Bull.* No Clause of Redemption, say you; that's hard!

*John Bull.* No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse Trick than that; the same Man bought and sold to himself, paid the Mony, and gave the Acquittance: The same Man was Butcher and Grafier, Brewer and Butler, Cook and Poulterer. There is something still worse than all this; there came twenty Bills upon me at once, which I had given Mony to discharge; I was like to be pull'd to Pieces, by Brewer, Butcher, and Baker, even my Herb-Woman dun'd me as I went along the Streets (thanks to my Friend Sir Roger, else I must have gone to Goal). When I ask'd the meaning of this, I was told, the Mony went to the Lawyers; Counsel won't tick, Sir; *Hocus* was urging; my Book-keeper sat Sotting all Day, playing at Putt, and All-fours: In short, by griping Usurers, devouring Lawyers, and negligent Servants, I am brought to this pass.

*Mrs. Bull.* This was hard usage! but methinks, the least reflection might have retriev'd you.

*John Bull.* 'Tis true; yet consider my Circumstances, my Honour was engag'd, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for Five Years often Drunk, always muddl'd, they carried me from Tavern to Tavern, to Ale-houses and Brandy-shops, brought me acquainted with such strange Dogs: *There goes the prettiest Fellow in the World* (says one) *for managing a Jary, make him yours.* *There's another can pick you up Witnesses.* *Serjeant such a one has a Silver Tongue at the Bar.* I believe, in time I should have retain'd every single Person within the Inns of Court. The Night after a Trial, I treated the Lawyers, their Wives and Daughters, with Fiddles, Hautboys, Drums and Trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they plac'd me in the middle, the Attorneys and their Clerks dancing about me, hooping and hallowing, *Long live John Bull, the Glory and Support of the Law!*

*Mrs. Bull.* Really, Husband, you went through a very notable Course.

*John Bull.* One of the things that first alarm'd me was, that they shew'd a Spire against my poor Old Mother; 'Lord (quoth I) 'what makes you so Jealous of a poor, 'old, innocent Gentlewoman, that minds 'only her Prayers, and her Practice of Piety, 'she never meddles in any of your Concerns? 'Foh (say they) to see a handsome, brisk, 'genteel, young Fellow, so much govern'd



' by a doating old Woman; why don't you  
 ' go and suck the Bubby? Do you consider  
 ' she keeps you out of a good Jointure?  
 ' she has the best of your Estate settled  
 ' upon her for a Rent-Charge: Hang her,  
 ' old Thief, turn her out of Doors, seize  
 ' her Lands, and let her go to Law if she  
 ' dares. Soft and fair, Gentlemen (quoth I)  
 ' my Mother's my Mother, our Family are  
 ' not of an unnatural Temper. Tho' I don't  
 ' take all her Advice, I won't seize her Join-  
 ' ture; long may she enjoy it, good Woman,  
 ' I don't grudge it her: She allows me now  
 ' and then a Brace of Hundreds for my Law-  
 ' Suit; that's pretty fair. About this time  
 the old Gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort  
 of a Distemper; it began with a Coldness and  
 Numbness in her Limbs, which by degrees  
 affected the Nerves (I think the Physicians  
 call them) seiz'd the Brain, and at last end-  
 ed in a Lethargy. It betray'd it self at first  
 in a sort of Indifference and Carelessness in all  
 her Actions, Coldness to her best Friends, and  
 an Aversion to stir or go about the common  
 Offices of Life. She that was the cleanliest  
 Creature in the World, never shrunk now if  
 you set a Close-stool under her Nose. She  
 that would formerly rattle off her Servants  
 pretty sharply, when she saw them drink,  
 or heard them talk profanely, never took any  
 notice of it. Instead of her usual Charities  
 to deserving Persons, she threw away her  
 Money

Money upon roaring swearing Bullies, and randy Beggars, that went about the Streets. *What is the matter with the old Gentlewoman (said every Body) she never us'd to do in this manner?* At last the Distemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving Fits; in which she shriek'd out so loud, that she disturb'd the whole Neighbourhood. In her Fits she call'd out upon one Sir William; Oh! Sir William, *thou hast betray'd me! kill'd me! stabb'd me! sold me to the Cuckold of Dover! See, see, Clum with his bloody Knife! seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the Fury, with her hissing Snakes! Where's my Son John! is he well! is he well! poor Man, I pity him!* And abundance more of such strange Stuff, that no Body could make any thing of. I knew little of the Matter, for when I enquir'd about her Health, the Answer was, that *she was in a good moderate way.* Physicians were sent for in haste; Sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought R—ff; G—th came upon the first Message. There were several others call'd in; but, as usual upon such Occasions, they differ'd strangely at the Consultation. At last they divided into two Parties, one sided with G—th, and the other with R—ff. Dr. G—th. *This Case seems to me to be plainly Hysterical; the Old Woman is Whimsical; it is a common thing for your Old Women to be so: I'll pawn my Life, Blisters, with the Steel Diet, will recover her.* Others suggested strong Purging and Letting of Blood, because  
 she

she was Plethorick. Some went so far as to say the Old Woman was mad, and nothing would do better than a little Corporal Correction. R—ff. Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this Case, it is plainly an accute Distemper, and she cannot hold out three Days, without she is supported with strong Cordials. I came into the Room with a good deal of Concern, and ask'd them what they thought of my Mother? In no manner of Danger, I vow to God (quoth G—th) the Old Woman is Hysterical, Fanciful, Sir, I vow to God. Itell you, Sir (says R—ff) she can't live three Days to an end, unless there is some very effectual Course taken with her, she has a Malignant Fever. Then Fool, Puppy, and Blockhead, was the best Words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the Ink-Bottles at one another's Heads. I forgot to tell you, that one Party of the Physicians desir'd I would take my Sister Peg into the House to Nurse her, but the Old Gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one Physician ask'd if the Lady had ever been us'd to take *Laudanum*; her Maid answer'd, not that she knew; that indeed there was a *High German* Livery-Man of hers, one *Pan Ptschirn-looker*, that gave her a sort of a Quack-Powder. The Physician desir'd to see it; Nay, says he, *there is Opium in this, I am sure.*

Mrs. Bull. I hope you examin'd a little into this Matter.

John Bull. I did indeed, and discover'd a great



great Mystery of Iniquity. The Witnesses made Oath, That they had heard some of the Livery-men frequently railing at their Mistress. ‘ They said, She was a troublesome ‘ fiddle faddle old Woman, and so ceremonious ‘ that there was no bearing of her. They ‘ were so plagu’d with bowing and cringing ‘ as they went in and out of the Room, that ‘ their Backs ach’d; she us’d to scold at one ‘ for his dirty Shoes, at another for his greasie ‘ Hair, and not combing his Head: Then she ‘ was so passionate and fiery in her Temper, ‘ that there was no living with her; she ‘ wanted something to sweeten her Blood; ‘ that they never had a quiet Night’s rest, for ‘ getting up in the Morning to early Sacra- ‘ ments; that they wish’d they could find some ‘ way or another to keep the old Woman ‘ quiet in her Bed. Such Discourses were of- ‘ ten overheard among the Livery-men, that the said *Van Dtschirnlooker* had undertook this Matter. A Maid made Affidavit, ‘ That she ‘ had seen the said *Van Dtschirnlooker*, one ‘ of the Livery-Men, frequently making up of ‘ Medicines, and administering them to all the ‘ Neighbours; that she saw him one Morning ‘ make up the Powder which her Mistress ‘ took; that she had the Curiosity to ask him ‘ whence he had the Ingredients? They come ‘ (says he) from several Parts of de World; ‘ dis I have from *Geneva*, dat from *Rome*, this ‘ White Powder from *Amsterdam*, and the Red ‘ from

‘ from *Edinburgh*; but the chief Ingredient of  
 ‘ all comes from *Turkey*. It was likewise pro-  
 ved, that the said *Van Putschinslooker* had  
 been frequently seen at the *Rose* with *Jack*, who  
 was known to bear an inveterate Spite to his  
 Mistress; That he brought a certain Powder  
 to his Mistress, which the Examinant believes  
 to be the same, and spoke the following Words;  
*Madam, here is grand Secret van de Warld; my*  
*sweetning Powder, it does temperate de Humour,*  
*despel de Windt, and cure de Vapour; it lulleth*  
*and quieteth de Animal Spirits, procuring Rest,*  
*and pleasant Dreams: It is de infallible Receipt*  
*for de Scurvy, all Heats in de Bloodt, and Break-*  
*ing out upon de Skin; It is de true Bloodt Stan-*  
*cher, stopping all Fluxes of de Bloodt. If you do*  
*take dis, you will never ail any ding; it will*  
*Cure you of all Diseases: And abundance more*  
 to this purpose, which the Examinant does  
 not remember.

*John Bull* was interrupted in his Story by a  
 Porter, that brought him a Letter from *Ni-*  
*cholas Frog*, which is as follows.

#### C H A P. IX.

##### *A Copy of Nic. Frog's Letter to John Bull.*

Friend *John*,

[*John Bull* Reads.] **W**Hat Schellum is it that makes  
 thee jealous of thy old Friend  
*Nicholas*? Hast thou forgot how some Years  
 ago he took thee out of the Spunging-house? [Tis  
 true,

true, my Friend Nic. did so, and I thank him ; but he made me pay a swinging Reck'ning.] *Thou begins now to repent the Bargain that thou wast so fond of ; and, if thou durst, would forswear thy own Hand and Seal. Thou sayst, that thou hast purchas'd me too great an Estate already ; when, at the same time, thou know'st I have only a Mortgage : 'Tis true, I have Possession, and the Tenants own me for Master ; but, has not Esquire South the Equity of Redemption ? [No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily ; poor Nic. has only Possession, eleven Points of the Law.] As for the Turn-pikes I have set up, they are for other People, not for my Friend John ; I have order'd my Servant constantly to attend, to let thy Carriages through without paying any thing : only, I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden, to spoil my Ways. Certainly I have just Cause of Offence against thee, my Friend, for supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel : What Hounsfoot is it that puts these Whims in thy Head ? Ten thousand Last of Devils haul me, if I don't love thee as I love my life. [No question, as the Devil loves Holy-water !] Does not thy own Hand and Seal oblige thee to purchase for me, till I say it is enough ? Are not these Words plain. I say it is not enough. Dost thou think thy Friend Nicholas Frog made a Child's Bargain ? Mark the Words of thy Contract, tota pecunia, with all thy Money. [Very well ! I have purchas'd with my own Money, my Childrens, and my Grand-childrens Money,*



ney, is not that enough? Well, *tota pecunia* let it be, for at present I have none at all: He would not have me purchase with other Peoples Money sure, since *tota pecunia* is the Bargain; I think it is plain, no more Money, no more Purchase.] *And whatever the World may say, Nicholas Frog is but a poor Man in comparison of the rich, the opulent John Bull, great Clothier of the World. I have had many Losses, six of my best Sheep were drown'd, and the Water has come into my Cellar, and spoil'd a Pipe of my best Brandy: It would be a more friendly Act in thee, to carry a Brief about the Country to repair the Losses of thy poor Friend. Is it not evident to all the World, that I am still hem'd in by Lewis Baboon? is he not just upon my Borders? [And so he will be if I purchase a thousand Acres more, unless he gets some Body betwixt them.] I tell thee, Friend John, thou hast Flatterers, that persuade thee that thou art a Man of Business; do not believe them: If thou would'st still leave thy Affairs in my Hands, thou should'st see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou should'st be dazzled with the enchanted Islands, and Mountains of Gold, that old Lewis promises thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out thy Money to purchase a Place at Court, of honest Israel? I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a Composition. [Not think of a Composition, that's hard indeed; I can't help thinking of it, if I would.] Thou complain'st of want of Money, let thy Wife and Daugh-*

*Daughters burn the Gold-Lace upon their Petticoats; sell thy fat Cattel; retrench but a Sirloin of Beef, and a Peck-loaf, in a Week, from thy gormandizing Guts. [Retrench my Beef, a Dog! Retrench my Beef! then it is plain the Rascal has an ill Design upon me, he would starve me.] Mortgage thy Manor of Bullocks-Hatch, or Pawn thy Crop for Ten Years. [A Rogue! Part with my Country-Seat, my Patrimony, all that I have left in the World, I'll see him hang'd first.] Why hast thou chang'd thy Attorney? Can any Man manage thy Cause better for thee? [Very pleasant! because a Man has a good Attorney, he must never make an End of his Law-Suit.] Ah John, John, I wish thou knew'st thy own Mind: Thou art as fickle as the Wind. I tell thee, thou had'st better let this Composition alone, or leave it to thy*

*Loving Friend,*

NIC. FROG.

# CHAP. X.

*Of some extraordinary Things that pass'd at the Salutation Tavern, in the Conference between Bull, Frog, Esq; South, and Lewis Baboon.*

**F**Rog had given his Word, that he would meet the above-mention'd Company at the *Salutation*, to talk of this Agreement; tho' he durst not directly break his Appointment, he made many a shuffling Excuse; one time he pretended to be seized with the Gout in

his right Knee; then he got a great Cold, that had struck him deaf of one Ear; afterwards two of his Coach-Horses fell sick, and he durst not go by Water, for fear of catching an Ague. John would take no Excuse, but hurry'd him away: Come Nic, (says he) *let's go and hear at least what this old Fellow has to propose; I hope there's no hurt in that. Be it so* (quoth Nic.) *but if I catch any harm, woe be to you; my Wife and Children will curse you as long as they live.* When they were come to the Salutation, John concluded all was sure then, and that he shou'd be troubled no more with Law-Affairs; he thought every body as plain and sincere as he was. Well Neighbours (quoth he) *let's now make an end of all Matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come; if every body is as well inclin'd as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our Affair.* And so pointing to Frog to say something, to the great Surprize of all the Company, Frog was seiz'd with a dead Palsy in the Tongue. John began to ask him some plain Questions, and hoop'd and hollow'd in his Ear. John Bull. *Let's come to the Point, Nic! Who would'st thou have to be Lord Strutt? Would'st thou have Philip Baboon?* Nic. shook his Head, and said nothing. John Bull. *Wilt thou then have Esquire South to be Lord Strutt?* Nic. shook his Head a second time. John Bull. *Then who the Devil wilt thou have? say something or another.* Nic. open'd his Mouth, and pointed to his Tongue, and cry'd A, a, a, a, which



which was as much as to say, he could not speak. *John Bull.* Shall I serve Philip Baboon with Broad-cloth, and accept of the Composition that he offers, with the liberty of his Parks and Fish-ponds? Then *Nic.* roar'd like a Bull, O, o, o, o! *John Bull.* If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thy self? Then *Nic.* grin'd, cackled and laugh'd, till he was like to kill himself, and seem'd to be so pleas'd, that he fell a frisking and dancing about the Room. *John Bull.* Shall I leave all this Matter to thy Management, *Nic.* and go about my Business? Then *Nic.* got up a Glass, and drank to *John*, shaking him by the Hand till he had like to have shook his Shoulder out of Joint. *John Bull.* I understand thee, *Nic.*; but I shall make thee speak before I go. Then *Nic.* put his Finger in his Cheek, and made it cry *Buck*, which was as much as to say, I care not a Farthing for thee. *John Bull.* I have done, *Nic.*; If thou wilt not speak, I'll make my own Terms with old *Lewis* here. Then *Nic.* loll'd out his Tongue, and turn'd up his Bumm to him; which was as much as to say, Kifs —. *John* perceiving that *Frog* would not speak, turns to old *Lewis*: Since we cannot make this obstinate Fellow speak, *Lewis*, pray condescend a little to his Humour, and set down thy Meaning upon Paper, that he may answer it in another Scrap. I am infinitely sorry (quoth *Lewis*) that it happens so unfortunately; for, playing a little at Cudgels t'other day, a Fellow has given me  
such

*such a Rap over the Right-arm, that I am quite lame: I have lost the Use of my Foresinger and my Thumb, so that I cannot hold my Pen. John Bull. That's all one, let me write for you. Lewis. But I have a Misfortune, that I cannot read any body's hand but my own. John Bull. Try what you can do with your Left-hand. Lewis. That's impossible; it will make such a Scrawl, that it will not be legible. As they were talking of this Matter, in came Esquire South, all drest up in Feathers and Ribons, stark staring mad, brandishing his Sword, as if he would have cut off their Heads; crying, Room, room, Boys, for the grand Esquire of the World! the Flower of Esquires! What, cover'd in my Presence; I'll crush your Souls, and crack you like Lice! With that he had like to have struck John Bull's Hat into the Fire; but John, who was pretty strong-fisted, gave him such a Squeeze, as made his Eyes water. He went on still in his mad Pranks; When I am Lord of the Universe, the Sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, shalt be my Bailiff; Lewis my Taylor, and thou, John Bull, shalt be my Fool! All this while Frog laugh'd in his Sleeve, gave the Esquire t'other Noggan of Brandy, and clap'd him on the Back, which made him ten times madder. Poor John stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: Well John, thou art got into rare Company! One has a dumb Devil, t'other a mad Devil, and the third a Spirit of Infirmary. An honest Man has a fine time  
on't*

on't amongst such Rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all? Some mighty Boon, one would think! Only to sit quietly at thy own Fireside. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with such Fellows! John Bull, after all his Losses and Crosses, can live better without them, than they can without him. Would to God I liv'd a thousand Leagues off them: But the Devil's in't: John Bull is in, and John Bull must get out as well as he can. As he was talking to himself, he observ'd Frog and Old Lewis edging towards one another to whisper; so that John was forced to sit with his Arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder. Some People advis'd John to blood Frog under the Tongue, or take away his Bread and Butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire South Hel-lebore; as for Lewis, some were for emollient Pultas's, others for opening his Arm with an Incision-knife.

I could not obtain from Sir Humphry, at this time, a Copy of John's Letter, which he sent to his Nephew by the young Necromancer; wherein he advises him not to eat Butter, Ham, and drink Old Hock in a Morning, with the Esquire and Frog, for fear of giving him a sour Breath.

F I N I S.



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